

The  
Alatis

Commencement 1912

# THE ULATIS

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Students of

Vacaville Union High School



VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA

June 7, 1912

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF THE V. H. S.  
TO  
MR. E. W. STODDARD  
WHO HAS BEEN THEIR GUIDE FOR THE  
LAST YEAR

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## The Future of the Twentieth Century

BEULAH WHEELER, '12.

**I** WAS SITTING under a large tree one day contemplating my diplomas on various courses in learning. As I looked at them my smile broadened with pride, and I began to wonder at the great knowledge of this age in comparison with the ages past. How proud I felt at having the splendid fortune of living in such a glorious age of knowledge. What more was there to learn? Surely I had exhausted the resources of my schooling, just as my masters had the things to be learned in this whole world. We certainly had attained the zenith of knowledge, we of the Twentieth Century.

While I was feeling all this pride of my age go coursing through my mind, I must have contentedly fallen asleep.

When I came to consciousness I was walking about rather aimlessly and with no particular thought. But presently my interest was trapped and held by hearing the mention of "The Advancements of the Twentieth Century," followed by discussions, which must have been carried on by some class of historians.

At first it seemed hard to grasp their meaning, but gradually some fragments of intelligence lodged in my brain. There was some preposterous class hidden in the little bower and attempting with their strange ideas to reduce our scientific knowledge to theories. I was surprised at their audacity; they pretended to understand the great propositions of the day and to talk with ease on the subjects that our wise men looked upon with awe and no real understanding. They diagnosed our theories and even laughed at our conclusions, spoke lightly of our beliefs and wondered at our ignorance. They actually seemed to screw up their faces at our prophecies of a glorious future.

My indignation could bear it no longer; I hastened out of hearing with all possible speed, intending to revel in real Twentieth Century knowledge, or reduce my vengeance by some outbursts of sentiment.

Paying no attention to my surroundings, I strode on until interrupted by stumbling on a roll of newspapers. Ever fond of reading I gathered up several and sat down to look them over.

I glanced in disgust at a page or so, thinking I had a glaring and imaginative Sunday paper; then my eye fell on the heading. It was an ordinary daily paper. What! Oh, no, it must be printed by mistake. There before my eyes

was not nineteen hundred and twelve but twenty-one hundred and twelve! I then gave the contents of the papers a careful perusal, vaguely gathering their import. Nearly every subject and picture was of strange tidings. Happenings written up like every day occurrences were of—my how my ears burned—things I had scoffed at and ridiculed as visionary and without foundation. For instance, it was plainly to be seen that horses were only kept in the parks, and autos were neither bought nor sold. Train schedules, and train accidents, were not mentioned, and steam vessels were out of date. Telephone wires had long been abandoned, and the art of writing letters had been lost, while messages were transmitted through space and thoughts were as legal as script. Distance was held no more as a bar to the sight than weight against scaling the air. Thus things we had had vague hints of, but dismissed as foolish were common, while the very things we had viewed with so much pride, were either not there at all, or else mentioned as the antique relics of a clumsy, superstitious age. However, to our credit, I must say that a few exceptions were made, as in an historic essay about several inventors. The paper spoke of Edison and Marconi, etc., as the promising heralds that carried their little stars of knowledge in advance of the stumbling multitude, but even they were said to be only reflections of an intellect just beyond their time.

This last was too much. I covered my face and shrank from such a revelation. Then, gaining courage from solitude, I opened my eyes again, and lo! they fell on my diplomas and the familiar surroundings of the glorious Twentieth Century.

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## Ode to the Sophomores.

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The poor sissy Sophomores,  
 They don't know what to do.  
 Beside our numerous Freshmen  
 They are so wondrous few.

The only emblem or pennant  
 That the whole class owns  
 Is an old black banner  
 Marked with skull and cross-bones.

We are always ready,  
 All the Freshmen true,  
 To avenge any wrong whatever  
 Done to the white and blue.

The Sophomores will always find  
 That we Freshmen are not dead,  
 If they ever try to spoil  
 The Juniors' white and red.

## A True Ghost Story.

LELAND TURNER, '13.

**I**N THE latter part of August, 19—, I spent several days visiting some friends of mine by the name of B— who then lived on a small fruit ranch seven miles northwest of Vacaville.

I went out to the ranch in the evening. After supper we sat talking till rather late, and possibly suggested in a degree by the lateness of the hour, the talk turned to ghost stories, both real and imaginary. We became very much interested in a story related by the mistress of the household, and, from a topic of levity, the subject gradually changed to one of the deepest interest and a spirited discussion soon arose as to the possibility of ghosts actually existing.

I took the stand that ghosts had never existed in any form whatever, except as devised by human agency, and that it was an absolute absurdity on the part of any sensible person to believe that ghosts actually exist, as one might say, in flesh and blood.

Mrs. B— and her son, Jack, just as positively took the other side of the question, and offered to substantiate their arguments by showing me some samples of real, live ghosts. I doubted very much their ability to do so, and did not hesitate to inform them of the fact. Upon their emphatically insisting that nevertheless they could and would present me to some ghosts, I scoffingly asked them where they expected to materialize their ethereal friends, and received the somewhat startling reply from Jack, delivered with calm assurance, "Right up on the side of a hill about three hundred yards from this house." I was somewhat taken aback for a moment, but soon recovered my equanimity, and laughingly asked if he expected me to believe that. He replied that it was no laughing matter, and to prove the truth of his assertion told the following story, which accounted in a way for their belief in ghosts.

It seems that the owner of the farm immediately adjoining them had had the misfortune to have his wife and all his children, seven in number, die during a comparatively short space of time, and in order, probably, to be economical, had buried them all not far from his house, in a small open plot of ground on the side of a hill. Shortly after buying their farm, so ran the story, Jack had been walking in the orchard one moonlight evening, when, chancing to glance toward the nearby hill, he had been horrified to behold the forms of a number of ethereal shapes moving to and fro, with a sort of gentle, swaying motion, from one end of the open space to another. Apparently catching sight of him, several of the shapes seemed to move slowly toward him, meanwhile beckoning to him with their arms. He had stood for a few moments rooted to the spot, and then, with a wild, unearthly shriek had fled as though pursued by the Evil One himself.

He had reached this point in the narrative when I politely interrupted him

to tell him emphatically, if not elegantly, that his reputation for veracity, never very high, had now dropped (at least in my estimation), to a point which would not admit of being passed. Becoming somewhat excited, I rashly declared my intention of forthwith thoroughly investigating the truth of the statements of my estimable friends.

So, "alone, alone, all, all alone," I set off through the silent orchard, pale in the white moonlight, with a ghastly aspect that caused cold shivers to run up and down my spine ere I was half-way towards the spot of ghostly revels. Every tree seemed a fit hiding-place for some one of the ghostly band, and I caught myself peering furtively around trees and up into the foliage as if I expected them suddenly to blossom forth into immortal figures.

I had progressed in this fashion almost to the dividing fence, when suddenly through an opening in the trees, I caught sight of the field.

Shades of my immortal ancestors!

The sight that met my eyes rooted me to the ground as though I had been changed to stone. The blood fairly froze in my veins, and my heart ceased to beat. For there, exactly as had been described, moving or rather floating, slowly, majestically, to and fro, was the ghostly band. For moments, it seemed ages, my fascinated eyes rested enthralled on this terrifying spectacle. All power of speech had left me; even my brain was becoming benumbed. A dread, as of things unknown, took possession of my soul. The light of reason itself seemed to be slowly going out.

How long I remained in this state of coma I do not know. I had no power of telling time.

Suddenly the spell was broken. The blood again coursed through my veins, my heart beat all too audibly, my benumbed senses resumed their wonted state. With this awakening, there came an overwhelming desire to flee. Never more did I wish to gaze upon this accursed spot. Silently, swiftly, darting from tree to tree like a specter, keeping always in the shadow, I pursued my solitary way to the end of the orchard. There I turned, half-fearfully, for one last backward look. Shaking my fist menacingly toward them I wildly uttered a malediction upon them; and then, silently, with chastened spirit, went my way toward the welcome house, skeptical no more.





## "Much Ado About Nothing."

**H**ELLO! HELLO!" "Yes, this is Black 603." "This is Ellen." "Yes, fine. You'll be home tonight, you say?" "Oh, lands! Well, all right—bringing a friend! Why, how could you mother! This is the cook's afternoon off." "Well, all right. I'll fix something. Good-bye."

"Well, of all inconsiderate mothers mine is the worst. Here it is 5 o'clock and she just phoned she would be home and would expect dinner at 6:30. But that isn't the worst; she is bringing an old friend. Ugh! how I hate 'em. Always trying to find some resemblance to your second cousin who you know is ugly. Well, such is life," and with a very martyr-like air Ellen turned from the phone and started for the kitchen.

"What shall it be? Let's see! Wonder where my cook book is, might get some suggestions from that." She searched the dining-room—no book. Upset the living-room—still no book. Tore up stairs, and all that could be heard was flying footsteps. Slap! Bang! Down she came again and tripped on the last stair—but still no book. In a very desperate mood, she flew into the kitchen and found the book where it had been ever since she received it. She opened it hurriedly and half the leaves fell out. Each leaf had an edge of little teeth marks.

"A mouse did that! Now where do you suppose it is." She poked around, shook chairs and rattled the pans in her endeavor to scare the mouse out. After upsetting the kitchen clock and finding out the time, she decided, mouse or no mouse, she must get dinner.

Gathering up the leaves, the first recipe her eye caught was one telling how to cook a roast in a paper bag. Rushing to the refrigerator, she found a nice leg of lamb. "Thank goodness I've got that. Now for a paper bag."

Reaching on top of the shelf, she pulled on what she thought was a bag. Swish! an down came the whole shelf of papers, accompanied by much dust. Sneezing, she scratched about for a bag, but could only find one which was much too small.

Bang! went the kitchen door, and upstairs again she flew, coming down in a minute with a monstrous hat bag. "First it says to grease the inside of the bag well," she read. Taking a knife, she daubed butter inside of the bag; jammed the roast in; read the book some more; pulled the roast out; salt and peppered it; then in again it went; searched frantically for a string, but the best she could find was a rubber band. So she closed the bag with that, opened the oven door and pushed it in.

With a big sigh she went back to her book and decided that it was too late to roast the potatoes with the meat, so fried they would have to be.

"Must see how my roast is getting along." Opening the oven door she found the roast as calm and cool as ever. She had forgotten to light the gas.

Striking a match she turned the gas on full force. Puff! and with a wild scream she rushed to the faucet. When she was through throwing water over herself she was minus eyebrows and a few front locks, but it did not discourage her in the least. She knew that the gas was lighted anyway—and it surely was. In a few minutes a very peculiar odor stole through the kitchen, out the window and over into Mrs. Ketz's kitchen. "What can that be? It must be rubber; well, I'll close the window."

Stepping out on her porch a few minutes later, Mrs. Ketz saw smoke coming from Ellen's window and smelled paper burning. With a scream she rushed to the street and turned in a fire alarm. A crowd gathered and wanted to break into the house, which they were certain was burning and would be razed to the ground in a moment.

Before they could break in, up rushed the fire department. Crash! in went the front door. Not a sign of fire, but it might not have gone that far yet; so they opened the kitchen door. A cloud of smoke and the odor of burning meat and paper greeted them. From the other side of the room came a scared voice: "What do you want?" Then everybody laughed but Ellen; she couldn't see herself. Then a shrill voice was heard and everybody turned. In came Ellen's mother, hat on one side. Seeing her mother, Ellen rushed into her arms. Then, after many explanations, everybody left.

"Where is your friend, mother? I tried to cook a roast in a bag and it seemed to explode. What shall we have now? Oh! dear, I never had such a time. Did she—"

"Well now just wait a minute while I tell you. She got a message the last minute and she had to rush home, so, dear, there was 'much ado about nothing' (with apologies to Shakespeare of course), wasn't there?"





Senior



HELEN CHANDLER  
(Class President)



FAY WATSON  
(Editor)





GLADYS CHAMBERS  
(Secretary)



MINTIE PERRY  
(Treasurer)



HELEN HARBISON



BEULAH WHEELER



CAROLINE COUCH  
(Vice President)



RUTH MEYERS



HAZEL MEYERS



ABBIE LURVEY



GERSTA ALLEN

## Salutatory.

CAROLINE COUCH, '12.

**I**T IS WITH great pleasure this evening that I extend to you the Salutation of the Class of 1912. Once a year this greeting is given, as a custom of old—and though in varied form, yet with the same idea in view. You listened to the same expressions of kind wishes when we were passing from the grammar grades, and now that we have spent four added years, we feel the same enthusiasm of that evening of yester-year.

Our instructors have been most helpful and kind, and their tireless enthusiasm and interest has tided us over many hard places and inspired us to do our best. To these we owe our honors of this evening.

Also, to you, our friends, through your sympathy and interest in our work, we owe much of our success of the past four years and we thank you most cordially. We welcome you to share in our honors at these exercises and we hope you will enjoy the program which will be presented. It was, indeed, planned and arranged with you in mind.

These have been wonderful years. Our daily comings and goings from our High School have been a source of great joy. We have constantly met our teachers and classmates and the meetings have been blended in a harmony of good-will.

It may be that we dream of future college years and other diplomas, of more spacious libraries and larger class-rooms, where some of us may again go on with the work as university students. But though the future may hold greater honors for us, they are as yet an unknown quantity. Yet, no matter what the future shall bring to us, our class motto, "Always Onward!" will be our inspiration and our guide when we take our places in the world's work.

Again, our kind instructors, dear class-mates and loyal friends, the Class of 1912 most cordially salute you.





## Class Will.

MINTIE PERRY, '12.

**W**E, THE CLASS OF '12, of the V. U. H. S., City of Vacaville, County of Solano, State of California, preparing for our decease, being unable longer to endure the herculean tasks imposed by all members of the Faculty of the V. H. S., do hereby make our last will and testament, towit:

First—We give and bequeath to the Faculty and remaining pupils our best wishes for the future.

Second—We give and bequeath to the Junior Class our Senior boys.

Third—We give and bequeath to Elise Buckingham the right to come back and run the affairs of the next year's Senior Class. .

Fourth—We give and bequeath to Leland Turner the sole right of being the school detective.

Fifth—Helen Harbison gives and bequeaths to Mable Norton the honor of entertaining Avory Fry in the halls during his spare moments.

Sixth—Gladys Chambers gives and bequeaths, to anyone who wants it, her bewitching smile with which to attract the boys about her.

Seventh—Beulah Wheeler gives and bequeaths her ability to debate on "Woman Suffrage" to the suffragettes of 1913.

Eighth—Helen Chandler gives and bequeaths to Clemmie January her bottle of peroxide.

Ninth—Gersta Allen gives and bequeaths to Margaret Steiger the sole right to inflict her foolishness on the long-suffering student-body and Faculty.

Tenth—Abbie Lurvey gives and bequeaths to Gladys Crawford her curls.

Eleventh—Fay Watson gives and bequeaths to Ruth Dally her comfortable seat in the six-passenger Peerless touring car.

Twelfth—Hazel Meyers gives and bequeaths to Helen Jones the privilege of raising a rough house in the Senior room.

Thirteenth—Ruth Meyers gives and bequeaths to Dorothy White a portion of her height.

Fourteenth—Caroline Couch gives and bequeaths to Mayme Brewer the honor of defending the Vacaville goal.

Fifteenth—Mintie Perry gives and bequeaths to some unfortunate Senior of 1913 the joy of writing the Class Will.

Lastly—We do hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Frank Gonsalves, of said school, executor of this, our last will and testament, and do hereby revoke all former wills.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we, the class of 1912, have affixed our seal and signature to this, our last will and testament, on the sixth day of June, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

[Signed.]

CLASS OF 1912.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Class of 1912 as their last will and testament in the presence of us, who have hereunto set our hands as witnesses, the day and year last above mentioned.

Witnesses { E. W. STODDARD.  
                  { J. B. ELY.

## Class Prophecy.

GERSTA ALLEN, '12.

**I** WAS SPENDING the winter of 1948, with a party of friends, in Egypt. We postponed a visit to the Sphynx until the eve of a great Egyptian holiday, at which time (so the guides told us) the spirits of the Pharaohs, the great seers, and prophets came back to reveal secrets to their visitors. We started out with the greatest expectation and delight.

As we neared the Sphynx I seemed to lose all sense of surroundings, and a beautiful form, I know not what, seemed to rise above the old stone figure. The glories of the past, the achievements of the present, and the wonders of the future, seemed woven into a magnificent cloak which covered all. I tried to shake off the spell which now filled me with terror, when suddenly there appeared to me an old Egyptian seeress, "Queen Zembla, Sorceress of the Nile." She stopped me and asked why the wistful look. I told her I was seeking, on this auspicious night, the history of the members of the Class of 1912 of V. H. S. She said, "Have no fear, I will tell you of them since that memorable day, June 7, 1912."

She told me that she knew I had been thinking of my stopover back at Ceylon, and of my search for my old schoolmate, Abbie Lurvey, and added that had I looked for her at Bombay I would have found her there. Then I was convinced that I stood face to face with no imposter, for she had proved to me that she was a true prophetess. I asked her if she could tell me more of Abbie. She said, "Yes, she is living happily at Bombay. Her husband is the ice man there, and is rushed to death trying to keep the temperature down below the equator."

I then told her I had other classmates, and asked her if she could tell me about them. "Yes," she answered, "I remember them all, and will tell you about them. Mintie Perry is becoming immensely rich. She is already a stockholder in the Southern Pacific railroad. All of her shares are of the preferred class and she seems to be very contented. She has had some very flattering offers to sell out, but has so far steadfastly refused to part with her holdings, especially the vice president of the company.

"Some of your other classmates are not so far away as you think. There was Ruth Meyers, she is now in Switzerland. She is married to a man whom she met abroad and together they operate a toboggan slide from one of the high summits in the Alps. Should you wish to see her, you will find her now at her winter home on Lake Lucerne.

"There was also Helen Harbison, that quiet, dignified little girl—but wait, there goes another. Do you see those lights out there over the Nile? That is an aeroplane. It is guided by a Frenchman of great renown in aerial flights. He has flown many times around the world, and this time has with him his wife,

your old friend Fay. Oh, yes, I was telling you of Helen. She has become a very successful chemistry teacher in a large city school, and is ever busy with her class making matches.

"After graduating from Stanford, Caroline turned her mind to scientific research, and chose the study of optics. She invented an apparatus for fitting glasses and is now enjoying the wealth which her husband has made out of her invention. It is needless to say that the apparatus is so constructed that her husband does not need to look into other girls' eyes as he did into hers.

"Shortly after leaving High School, Gladys entered politics, and if you were now in Elmira, in the vicinity of your old home, you would see in letters bold, on telegraph poles and fences, 'Vote for Gladys Chambers, our candidate for Mayor.'

"Beulah Wheeler has quieted down wonderfully since she left school. You really would hardly know her now. She is an authoress of great fame, and writes of deep and philosophic things. She has completed a book entitled, 'The Borderland of Love or How to Marry for Money.'

"I must not omit to tell you of Hazel Meyers. She has succeeded in making a great name for herself in her chosen profession. You know she always was a lively girl, before she left school, but even then, you would never have thought that she had it in her to so distinguish herself. Her career turned upon an accident. To assist a sick friend, who was an actress, she took the title role in a play called, 'The Giddy Girl From Summerland.' She was so successful that she has been playing the part ever since.

"Helen Chandler, the one girl of that huge class who remained in Vacaville, took up the study of law. She has met with great success and it seems she is very popular, serving as head of the board of education for several years, as president of the Saturday Club, and has just been elected to represent her district in Congress, being the first woman sent to the legislature from the state of California."

Just then she faded from my sight like an apparition. I could hardly realize that it was all true. But I went on with my journey with much rejoicing, knowing that all of my former classmates were so happy and prosperous.



## Mock Address.

HELEN HARBISON, '12.

**M**ISS PRESIDENT, Fellow Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen: This is our day—a day upon which we can do as we jolly well please, provided we tread upon no one's toes; and so we decided, from the first, to have a good time at this last meeting before going out into the cold, cold world, where all is pitfalls and temptations.

Our future lies before! The past is gone forever! We are at the parting of the ways—at the crossroads, and all the world is watching us to see which way we will turn. A glance into our past may throw some faint glimmer of light upon this question of our inevitable future. I find the past full of hope. For one thing, I think we have diligence, wits and good constitutions, else we should not be here today. Four years ago we tremulously climbed for the first time the high school steps and groped about as lost. But pencil and paper were soon furnished us and we began to write. We answered questions and we wrote on topics, and when our paper and pencils gave out, we were given more and continued on further questions and topics. Having finally used up our materials, we are now about to grasp our diplomas.

Although our past indicates a promising future, still, knowing that the future cannot be dodged, I have worried some about it. One day as I was wandering about the fields and woods wondering what would become of the class of 1912 of V. H. S., I happened to notice a most unusual looking bird. I did not know what species it was. Its body was sky-blue, its head pink and its throat purple. As I drew near it began to talk in a clear, matter-of-fact way. I recognized the names of my classmates and realized that this strange bird was telling me their fates. I was all ears, and soon knew everything about the future families and occupations of the class of 1912. I was so pleased with what I heard that I burst into song and composed the following poem:

Eleven happy, carefree maidens  
Are we as we venture forth  
From the grand old V. H. S.,  
From the hard work and the study,  
With the good old teachers patient, helpful,  
Ever ready with zeros plenty  
If we shirk our work or play.  
Here we have, as you can see,  
Hazel, Abbie, Ruth and Beulah,  
Gladys, Fay and Helens two;  
Gersta, Caroline and Mintie,  
All possessed of education;  
So there's nothing more to do  
But depart and leave our will.



We, the Class of 1912, of V. H. S., City of Vacaville, Precinct No. 1, County of Solano, Congressional District No. 3, State of California, direction of the setting sun, Republic of U. S. of America, do prepare for our decease, death, utter extinction or demise, being unable longer to lift our heavy feet through the halls and classrooms of V. H. S., being of undoubted sound mind and body, do hereby make our final and last will and testament, towit, as follows, namely:

First—We give, bequeath and bestow upon next year's student body our broad Akers (acres) and our one Campbell (camel).

Written, signed, approved, sealed, published and declared by the Class of 1912 as their best will and testament, in the presence of us who have hereunto set our hands as witnesses, on a certain day to be mentioned later.

Witnesses { MR. W. SHAKESPEARE.  
              { MR. J. CÆSAR.

And now it is time to say farewell—forever, for good or for evil. Class-mates, it is painful business. Would it not have been better had we never met? Let us not linger longer but take up our places among the has-beens.

## Class Song.

(Tune—Schubert's "Hark! Hark! the Lark.")

We are the Class of 1912,  
Each one a bonny maid,  
We've mastered High School problems  
With our tutor's kindly aid,  
Each bonny, bonny maid;  
And we have followed well the rule  
Our educators laid,  
We Beulah, Caroline, Helens two,  
We Abbie, Hazel and Ruth,  
We Gersta, Mintie, Gladys, Fay  
Have trod these ways of truth.

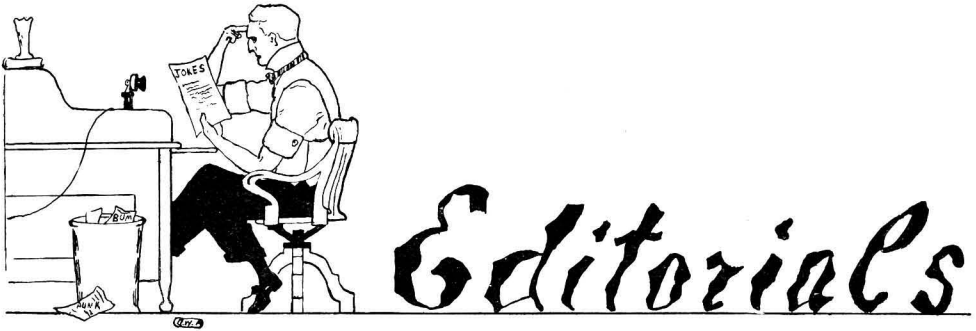
Our colors are pure white and green,  
Our flower the red, red rose,  
Progressive "Immer vorwärts"  
Is the motto that we chose—  
We of the red, red rose.  
Our winning charms, indeed, are far  
Too many to disclose.  
To each one of our Faculty,  
Our guardian of the bell,  
Our schoolmates, Educational Board,  
We sing tonight, "Farewell."

## CLASS DAY PROGRAMME.

Music	- - - - -	- - - - -
President's Address	- - - - -	Helen Chandler
Class History	- - - - -	Hazel Meyers
Vocal Duet—"With the Stream" (Tours)	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Caroline Couch and Gladys Chambers
Class Poem	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Abbie Lurvey
Class Prophecy	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Gersta Allen
Piano Duet—"Country Dances" (Nevin)	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Helen Chandler and Elise Buckingham
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	- - - - -	Fay Watson
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Mock Speech	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Helen Harbison
Mantle Oration	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Ruth Meyers

## COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

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	- - - - -	Rev. Henry A. Fisk
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	- - - - -	Girls' Glee Club
Salutatory	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Miss Caroline Couch
Vocal Solo—Selected	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Miss Ethel Jones
Commencement Address	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Dr. Richard G. Boone, Department of Education, U. C.
Class Song	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Graduating Class
Valedictory	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Miss Beulah B. Wheeler
Vocal Solo—"The Divers" (Ooder)	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	F. C. Malkmes
Presentation of Diplomas	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	Mr. Ralph Clark, President Board of Trustees
Chorus—Kipling's Recessional	- - - - -	- - - - -
	- - - - -	School



### EDITORIAL STAFF

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FAY WATSON, '12, EDITOR.  
HELEN CHANDLER, '12, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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### DEPARTMENT EDITORS

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GERSTA ALLEN, ALUMNI.  
CAROLINE COUCH, SCHOOL NOTES.  
MABEL CHRISTOPHER, EXCHANGES.  
J. B. ELY, BOYS' ATHLETICS.  
GLADYS CHAMBERS, GIRLS' ATHLETICS.  
LEO REESE, DRAMATICS.  
STANLEY BLAKE, FRESHMEN.  
EDNA MARSH, JOSHES.  
HELEN HARBISON, JOSHES.

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### BUSINESS STAFF

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JAMES McCORRY, BUSINESS MANAGER.  
OSCAR GARLICH, ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER.

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### ART STAFF

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GEORGE ALLEN. AVORY FRY.  
IRVING CLEAVES.

## Editorials.

IT HAS BEEN the ambition of the Editorial Staff of the ULATIS to make this issue notable for quality rather than quantity of material. At our various meetings we have received contributions from all departments of the school, well representing the several school activities. And yet, there is much literary talent that should be represented in these pages which has failed to respond to our invitations for contributions.



THE BUSINESS MANAGER appreciates the act of the Class of 1911 in paying the ULATIS debt of forty dollars. It took a great weight from his shoulders.



MORE SCHOOL SPIRIT has been shown this year than there has been for several years. The boys have taken a strong hold on all athletics, and have relieved the girls of the heavy burden of keeping up the record of the school by their good basketball playing. The Freshman class, as a whole, has shown more "school spirit" than the rest of the school. But there is room for this spirit to be broadened, as was shown when the "Ulati Forum" could not be re-organized on account of lack of interest. It is the sincere hope of the Editor that the coming Freshman class will be imbued with so much spirit that it will spread throughout the whole school.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION and the Editorial Staff owe a great deal to Mr. Manuel of the Reid Drug Company, who has given five dollars toward the publishing of this paper. He has also been very generous in buying tickets for all our games, and has helped the boys in the buying of their athletic materials.



THE JAPANESE ASSOCIATION of Vacaville presented to our librarian the book "American-Japanese Relations," by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami, one of Japan's journalists and authors. The book is very interesting as it gives a full account of the present relations between the two countries, together with an inside view of Japan's policies and purposes.



THE EDITOR thanks the Editorial Staff and the remaining students for their contributions of material, and expresses the hope that the next Editorial Staff will be better supported by all the students.



# Alumni

May Farrell of '09 is teaching the Lagoon school.



Louise Krause of '11 is bookkeeper for Akerly & Ellison.



Joe Keyes of '11 is a Freshman at the University of California.



Rhoda Buckingham of '11 is studying domestic science at home.



Marie Derby of '10 is a Freshman at the University of California.



Wiley Killingsworth, ex-'08, is business manager of the Vacaville Garage Company.



Sadie Watson of '07 is studying music under Professor Stadtfeld of San Francisco.



Elise Buckingham, Mabel Christopher and Edna March, of '11, are taking a post-graduate course.



Marion White of '10 passed the teacher's examination last year and is now teaching school in the Center district.



Nannie Lawrence, '11, has given up her position in Schroeder & Frahm's to take up housekeeping. She married Clarence Burton on May 22d.



Ruby and Pearl La Rose of '11 are attending the San Francisco Normal, and from all reports they are making good in their studies to become teachers.

# SCHOOL NOTES

The school notes of the Class of 1912 differ largely from the similar notes of former classes, in that the spirit of assurance manifested by the present class was greater, consequently the program of the year's entertainment was full-hearted, being as Shakespeare said, "Full of confidence."



The reception to the Freshmen, which opened the year's program of entertainment, was enjoyed heartily by all. Games and dancing were indulged in, the music being furnished by Rutherford's orchestra. The program for the evening was as follows:

Baritone (horn) Solo	- - - - -	Elise Buckingham
Vocal Solo—"When the Daisies Bloom"	- - - - -	Helen Hendricks
Address to the Freshmen	- - - - -	Professor Stoddard
Address to the Baseball Team	- - - - -	Professor Ely

After the program light refreshments were served and a general good time enjoyed.



On October 6th a meeting of the school was called in the Assembly Hall for the election of the Editor, Assistant Editor, Business Manager and President of Athletic Association. Those elected were in like order: Fay Watson, Helen Chandler, James McCrory and Irving Cleaves.



The dance given October 7th, in honor of the basketball and baseball teams of Armijo, was an especially enjoyable occasion. The managers of the evening have been highly complimented in regard to the success of the affair.



On October 16th, Dr. Breeden addressed the school in the Assembly Hall, and rendered selections from Eugene Field, Lawrence Dunbar and James Whitcomb Riley. The readings were excellent and were very much enjoyed by the enraptured audience.



During the month of November the rehearsals of the play, "Cupid at Vassar," proved very beneficial in that they acted as a soothing influence upon the tired minds of the students. The play, which was given December 15th,

proved a great success. The cast was very strong and the participants have received many congratulations on the success of the farce.



On the evening of January 8th Professor Woodruff addressed the school in the Assembly Hall on the subject of "Education." Professor Woodruff is a very learned speaker and his discourse has been a great material help to all those who had the pleasure of hearing him. Professor Woodruff is a member of the Faculty at Stanford University.



On February 8th, the "Jubilee Minstrels," who came under the auspices of the Vacaville High School, gave a very enjoyable entertainment which was an especial treat to all. The entertainers were endorsed by leading pastors of California and the entertainment was "high class" in every particular.



The dance which was given by the High School on February 23d, by its pleasing features proved another success financially and entertainingly.



The Longfellow Recital, given March 29th, under the direction of Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves, was classic in the extreme, and the beautiful works of the noble poet, though they always live in the hearts of every student, were brought again to the minds of those, who probably during the stress of examinations and—likewise, credits, forget for a time the most beautiful works and inspired thoughts of the great poet. So this recital acted as a pleasant relaxation to the interested and delighted audience.



On May 3d Gladys Hinman was elected maid of honor from our school for the Winters carnival.



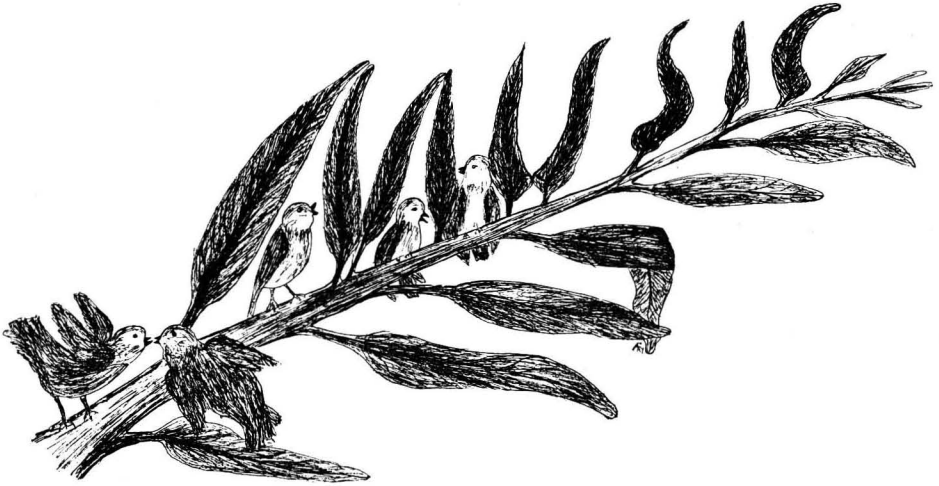
A dance was given on May 17th for the benefit of the Athletics.



The Senior dance, given by the Juniors, will be on June 10th in Masonic Temple.







The music course, which was inaugurated last year, has been continued this year under the instruction of Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves and has proved very interesting, especially for the advanced pupils. The greater part of the second year work has been the study of the theory and the history of music, while the first year pupils have been instructed in sight reading and the rudiments of music.

During the first term the plan adopted last year of having a short musical program once or twice a week was followed. Several very interesting programs were given by the pupils, some especially good numbers being rendered by the Boys' Glee Club.

Just before the Christmas vacation the Girls' High School Glee Club was organized. The first meeting was held January 4th and the following officers were elected: President, Gladys Hinman; Secretary, Margaret Steiger; Accompanist, Loa Renniger. At later meetings it was decided to begin work on a cantata and to ask the boys to meet with the club every Monday afternoon to assist in preparing it for public presentation. "The Village Blacksmith," by Charles Noyes, chosen for this work, was given March 29th as one number of the following Longfellow program:

Chorus—"The Arrow and the Song" - - - - Balfe  
High School Music Students

Duet—"Excelsior" - - - - - Balfe  
Messrs. Lloyd and Irving Cleaves

Soprano Solo—"Awake! It Is the Day" - - - Barbour  
Miss Margaret Steiger

Reading—"Sketch of the Life of H. W. Longfellow" - -  
Miss Beulah Wheeler

Double Quartet—"Stars of a Summer Night" (from "The  
Spanish Student") - - - - Woodbury  
Misses Gladys Hinman, Gladys Nay, Gersta Allen, Marjory Allen  
Messrs. Garlichs, Fry, Irving and Lloyd Cleaves

- Bass Solo—"The Old Church Bell" - - - - -  
Mr. Oscar Garlich
- Flute Solo—Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" - Mascagni  
Prof. E. W. Stoddard
- Reading—From "Courtship of Miles Standish" - - -  
Mrs. Harriet Calkins
- Male Quartet—"Beware" - - - - - Hatton  
Messrs. Reese, Fry, Irving and Lloyd Cleaves
- Sacred Solo—"My Redeemer and My Lord" (Elsie's prayer  
from "Golden Legend") - - - - - Dudley Buck  
Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves
- Cantata—"The Village Blacksmith" - - - - - Noyes  
(Anvil and Piano accompaniment)  
High School Glee Club

Quotation Contest

Prize Presentation

Since then the club has been preparing numbers for the commencement exercises.

Although the novelty of the music course has worn off, and there are not as many registered for it this year as there were last year, it is being recognized more and more as a necessary part of the school curriculum. These two years have of necessity been years of trial, but the course has proved itself such an interesting and profitable branch of study that we have very little fear that our trustees will see fit to discontinue it next year, and we hope that the time will never return when the school will be without a special teacher of music.





# DRAMATICS



During the last two years the school has revived the custom of giving plays. Though it takes serious and persistent work to stage a play, the results are well worth the time expended.

Two plays were planned for this year. The first, "Cupid at Vassar," a lively and catchy comedy, was given on Friday evening, December 15th, at the Opera House. The play was short, but the quick wit and good acting of the characters held the interest of the audience from beginning to end and brought forth many a laugh. The setting was a New England home and Vassar College.

The cast was as follows:

John Willet, a young architect	- - -	George Allen
Amos North, of North & Son, bankers	-	Stanley Dobbins
Hank Gubbin, hired man	- - -	Stanley Blake
Mrs. Newton, of Great Falls, Vt.	- - -	Nannie Lawrence
Kate, her daughter	- - - -	Fay Watson
Wanda, Kate's half sister	- - - -	Gladys Chambers
Shiny, a darkey	- - - -	Elise Buckingham
Sally Webb, Kate's roommate	- - -	Gladys Nay
Miss Page, chaperon at Vassar	- - -	Helen Chandler
Helen Conway, a Freshman	- - -	Clemmie January
Matty Hart	{ College Girls }	Mabel Christopher
Alice Worth		Caroline Couch
Patty Snow		Pearl Williams

At the time this was written the students were working upon "Mr. Bob," the last play of the year. The cast worked hard under the instruction of Prof. Ely and they expect to put out a play equally as successful as the first.

The cast was:

Philip Royson	- - - - -	George Allen
Robert Brown, clerk for Benson & Benson	-	James McCrory
Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler	- - -	Stanley Blake
Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady	- - -	Helen Chandler
Katherine Rogers, her niece	- - -	Fay Watson
Marion Bryant, Katherine's friend	-	Clemmie January
Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid	- - -	Elise Buckingham



The High School girls have taken a lively interest in basketball ever since school opened last Fall.

At a meeting held by the girls, Hazel Duncan was chosen as manager for the team. She filled this position until outside interests prevented her from being at school all the time, when she resigned, and Gladys Chambers was chosen in her place. Ruth Meyers was chosen as captain and filled that place throughout the year.

At the beginning of the season the Freshmen played with the Sophomores and proved to have the stronger team. The Freshmen then played with the upper classmen and were defeated.

On October 1st the regular team played its first game on the home court with Suisun. It was an easy victory for the home team, the score being 43—1.

The second game was played in Woodland on October 21st. Woodland proved to have the stronger team and she won the game, the score being 22—10.

The third game was played in Winters on November 7th. The teams were evenly matched, but the Vacaville girls won the hard-fought game, the score being 23—15.

The fourth game was on January 13th in Sacramento. Here again the girls were defeated, although they fought hard. The final score was 26-12.

On April 26th the Vallejo team came to Vacaville with the idea of winning. This proved to be the best game of the season. The teams were evenly matched and the game was fast and exciting. The final score was 22 to 16 in favor of the home team.

The last game of the season was played May 4th on the home court with Winters. A good game was expected, but, due to the fact that it was the first hot day of the season, neither team felt much like playing. The final score was 22 to 8 in our favor.



# BOYS' ATHLETICS



Boys' athletics took on a new aspect in the Vacaville High School this year, and although we didn't win all four games, nor even as many as we wanted to, yet we feel that we have made a record surpassed by no school where athletics have been dead for years.

## BASEBALL.

The boys, either Freshmen or Sophomores, were somewhat at first nervous as may be seen by the results of the first contest. This was a baseball game played at Dixon, Saturday, September 16, 1911. The Dixon boys got 14 hits and 18 runs, while Vacaville got 3 hits and 1 run.

On the 23d of September the boys crossed bats with Armijo at Fairfield and showed their nervousness in the first part of the game when they let Armijo get a score of 6 to 2. They settled down then and made their score 6 to Armijo's 9.

On Saturday, September 30th, "Dixon came to town." They thought they would have as easy a time as they had two weeks before. Their dope sheet was wrong. All because, yes, all because, Dobbins had too much on the ball. Dobbins fanned 18 men and Vacaville won 4 to 3, the Vacaville boys getting 7 hits off Lewis, while Dixon got but 2, both by G. Foster.

On October 7th the Armijo boys came for a return game and met the same fate Dixon had the week before. It took Vacaville eleven innings to win this game—5 to 4. Hits—Vacaville 4, Armijo 2.

The deciding game of the series with Armijo was played October 21st at Vacaville, Vacaville winning 4 to 1. Hits—Vacaville 7, Armijo 4. The boys making up the team were: Garlich and Cleaves, catcher; Uhl, Dobbins, Cleaves and McCoy, pitcher; Montgomery, 1st base; Gonsalves, Uhl, 2d base; McCoy and Dobbins, 3d base; Burton, short; McLaughlin, Garlich, Gonsalves, Cleaves, McCullough and Hinman, outfield.

## BASKETBALL.

The Vacaville boys got their first taste of basketball November 18, 1911, when they were defeated by Winters, at Winters, 26 to 15. The experience was worth the defeat, however, as was seen November 25th when the Vacaville boys won from Benicia—17 to 14.

December 8th the locals met the University State Farm at Davis and were defeated by the score of 47 to 16. The Farm boys were too fast for the Vacaville boys who were playing against odds for the experience.

They were good sports and game losers and tried conclusions with the Ar-

mijo boys December 15th, and this time were victorious. Score, 26 to 24.

VACAVILLE 42, BENICIA 16.

January 6th the team went to Benicia, where they showed same real form and won, 42 to 16.

VACAVILLE 11, ST. HELENA 64.

On January 26th, the boys, with a patched team, met the strongest team they played during the season and lost to St. Helena at St. Helena.

VACAVILLE 23, VALLEJO 23.

February 2d the Vacaville boys played the first league game in the S. C. A. L. at Vallejo, and owing to the fact that the hall had to be given over at 8:30 the two teams were unable to play off the tie.

Although the local boys were not considered in the race they tied for first place with Dixon and Esparto. Esparto won from the Vacaville boys when the tie was played off owing to the fact that McCoy, Montgomery and Cleaves were all in no condition to play. The results of the league games are as follows:

February 3d. Armijo at Vacaville—Vacaville 20, Armijo 10.

February 10th—Vacaville 2, Benicia 0 (forfeited)

February 17th, at Vacaville—Vacaville 23, Dixon 26.

February 24, at Vacaville—Vacaville 28, Winters 10.

March 9th, at Vacaville—Vacaville 23, Esparto 19.

March 16th, at Vacaville—Vacaville 17, Vallejo 14. (To play off tie of February 2d.)

March 23d, at Vacaville—High School 43, Picked Team 30

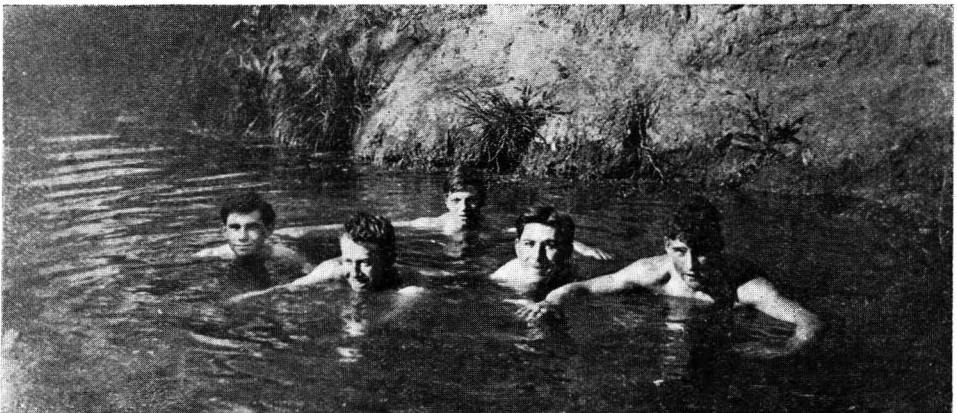
March 30th, at Winters—Vacaville 10, Esparto 19.

The one feature of the playing was the defensive work and unbreakable passes of McCoy, Montgomery and Garlichs. Cleaves and Fry did some great work at goal and saved many points by their consistent guarding so as to keep the ball near Vacaville's goal.

Not a single member of the team goes out of school this year, so a prosperous season is looked for next year.

### Track.

Vacaville made no attempt at field work but entered a few men this year for the experience, but with another year for development the Vacaville boys will be close contenders for the track honors.







JOHN B. ELY.

John B. Ely came to Vacaville Union High School in August, 1911, as a teacher of physics, chemistry, physical geography and United States history. He has shown his skill in all these subjects and the pupils have taken a great liking to him. Never before has there been a teacher in this school who has shown so much interest among the students as Mr. Ely. The interest in all athletics has increased under his good and faithful coaching. This is shown by the write-up of the athletics in this issue compared with that of former years.

Mr. Ely never became impatient at any time, but always looked on the bright side and cheered the athletes. He took a great interest in the two plays which were given and spent much of his valuable time at the numerous rehearsals.

We all hope that nothing will happen to prevent Mr. Ely from being with us next year.



Owing to the fact that there were not enough papers issued last year to send out many exchanges, our exchange column is not very long this year. At least we try to think that the reason for not receiving any more school papers than we have. We simply cannot think that it is because the different schools do not wish to keep up an exchange system with us. We invite and urge all schools to put us on their exchange list. A few letters and cards were sent out this year, asking for exchanges. Some schools immediately sent copies of their publication, while others, which did not happen to have an extra copy, promised to send one of their next issue. Thus we hope to extend our exchange column over more ground next time.

We hope these few following criticisms will be taken as friendly suggestions for improvement and not as "slams." If there are suggestions about any part, where you think there could be improvement, in our paper, we would only be too glad to have that part pointed out to us. Despite criticism, we have enjoyed all these exchanges and hope to see you all soon again.

"The Searchlight," S. R. H. S., San Rafael—Your general make-up and literary department are extremely good, but keep the ads off your covers and especially off the outside. The cartoons add greatly to your josh department.

"Pine Breezes," P. H. S., Placerville—Glad to see you again, but you are not as good as you were once. From all appearances it is not best to depend entirely upon school spirit for the best results. What is the matter with your artists? More original cuts would improve your paper greatly.

"Delphic Echoes," D. H. S., Dinuba—An exceedingly good and up-to-date paper. Departments well arranged. Your prize stores, "The Soldier's Soldier" and "An Incident of the K. K. K.," are surely worthy of mentioning. The write up of your exchange department is the best that has reached our exchange table.

"The Tokay," L. H. S., Lodi—Material well arranged and interesting. So many poems and short stories are more than most papers possess and we congratulate you on being able to obtain them,

"Potpourri," P. H. S., Auburn—You are one of the most interesting papers we have received. Cover design very neat, contents good and your cuts are

certainly excellent. The cartoons in the josh department make that part more attractive. But don't you think it better to number your pages? What good is a "Table of Contents" if the pages are not numbered?

"The Lowell," L. H. S., San Francisco—Yours is an interesting little paper. Your cuts are clever, but your whole appearance would be changed if the ads were left off the covers, the pages numbered and a table of contents added.

"Alert," T. H. S., Turlock—Your paper shows a great deal of school spirit. The literary department is excellent. The cuts are good, but your joshes can be improved upon.

"Guard and Tackle," S. H. S., Stockton—You are well edited, but where is your exchange department? Seems as if a paper of your size and standard could well afford to support such a department. Why do you not put all the ads together at the back of the paper and not insert them among the joshes and other departments?

"The Torch," A. U. H. S., Martinez—Well, "Torch," you have succeeded very well considering you did not have the support of all the students of the school. The only suggestion that I have to make is that you put all the things connected with the Seniors in a group. That is, not have their pictures in one place and tell about their "Picnic" and give their "Prophecy" in another.

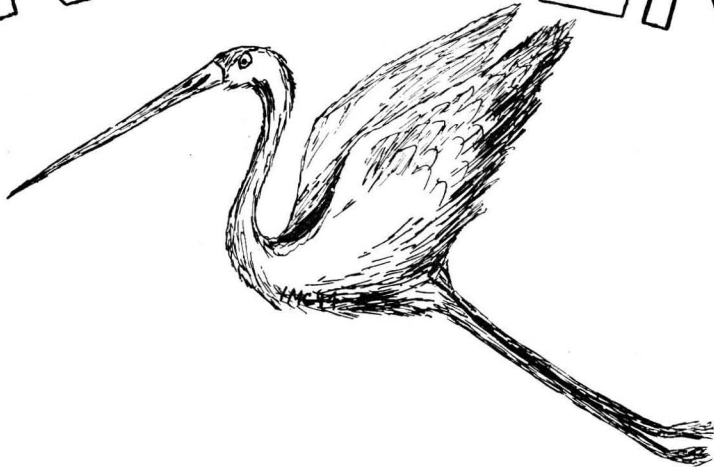
"The Poppy," W. H. S., Winters—Cover design neat, contents very good. So many short stories add greatly to your literary department. Your jost department is one of the best we have read. Your cuts are clever and well drawn.

"The Echo," L. H. S., Lincoln—Your pages contain much news, but your literary department is very small. The numbers of the pages might as well be included in the table of contents. You are very good, "Echo," for the first edition and we will be glad to see you again.

"The Cogswell," C. P. C., San Francisco—A fine exchange and we wish to see more of you. Literary department lacking, but joshes are good, as usual.



# FRESHMEN



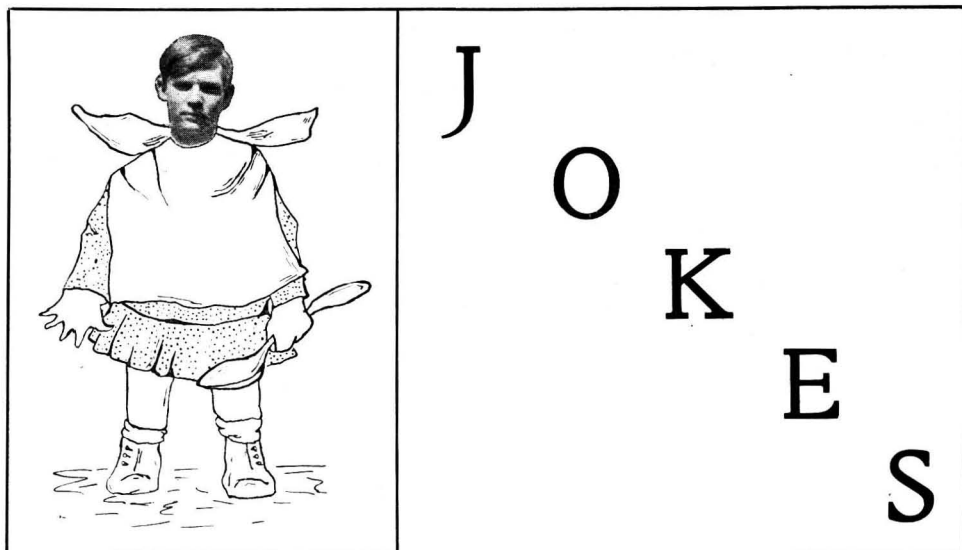
This year pity was taken upon us poor Freshmen. The upper classmen, who had us good and scared, did not wash our heads with a solution of water, coal dust, soap or sawdust, as had been the custom, but treated us with care.

We were given a reception by the rest of the school in the Assembly Hall several weeks after school had begun. Some of us had a good time playing the "baby" games that had been carefully selected for the occasion, and the others, who were brave, attempted to dance. After we had several hours of dancing they supplied each one of us with a bib and fed us. Although we were very sleepy, not being use to such a late hour as 11 o'clock, we were able to do justice to our appetites, which we had worked up by our graceful dancing.

Even if we were green at the reception, we showed our "class" when the baseball and basketball teams were organized. Both teams were composed chiefly of Freshmen, who have shown more "school spirit" than any other class. McCoy and Garlich, two of our good classmates, with the help of "Little Joe," kept the school from not being represented in the S. C. A. L. meet in Vallejo. They had the grit to enter several events with only a little practice. McCoy not only won one and one-third points for the school in the meet, but was awarded two bronze medals.

In December we had our first class meeting, at which we elected Clemmie January as President and Ed Uhl as vice president.

We thank the upper classman for their kind treatment, and promise to do the same to the coming-Freshmen class.



TO THE ABOVE.

I.

We have a young schoolmate named Jim  
 Who really is painfully thin,  
 And he turns very pale,  
 The poor child is so frail,  
 When things start to happen to him.

II.

He works in the chemistry lab.  
 And his accidents there are quite sad.  
 Either he breaks a beaker,  
 His flask springs a leak, 'r  
 His messes boil over like mad.

III.

Once he tried  $H_2 O$  to distill,  
 When the alcohol started to spill  
 On his hand. With a roar  
 The lamp fell to the floor,  
 And Jim began making his will.

U U U

Mrs. M.—“Mr. Buckingham, what is a polynomial?”

George B. (to Parrot)—“Polly, where are your nomials?”

U U U

Caroline C. writing on preparation of chlorine—“Now add 2 gms alimony”  
 (antimony).

U U U

Avory and Helen (strolling along the hall). Avory—“I love, I love, I love.”

Miss C. (in Hist. II)—“To whom was the crown to go after the death of the king?”

Frank H.—“To his ancestors.”

U U U

Mr. Ely (in Phy. Geog.)—“What is the result when damp air is cooled down beyond the point of saturation?”

Ruby P.—“It causes perspiration” (precipitation).

U U U

Helen and Avory enter the room from the laboratory, where they had been for several minutes.

Helen—“Why, Avory, you have powder on your coat.”

Avory—“Oh! —”

Jim—“It’s easy enough to know how it got there.”

U U U

Mrs. M. (angry at the talking during the explanation of a problem)—“What do you think I am explaining this for?”

George B.—“Exercise.”

U U U

“Speak to me,” Jean pleaded, as she looked into his dark brown eyes. “Yes, speak to me,” she repeated and stroked his soft curly hair.” He could not resist her—“Bow-wow,” he said.—Ex.

U U U

Mr. Ely (in chemistry)—“Where do we get the names of certain elements?”

Caroline C.—“In the back of the book.”

U U U

WANTED.

By F. W.—The hair tonic used by E. B., N. L. and G. C.

By S. B.—Another collar similar to the one he wore to the Jubilee Singers.”

U U U

AN ANSWER REQUIRED.

Why did Ed Uhl neglect to explain the remainder of his English when he read, “And I met a ‘Fay’ in fairyland?”

U U U

BLAKEY’S WORK DAY.

Eight hours for work,

Eight hours for sleep,

Eight hours for repairing the auto.

U U U

CONGRATULATIONS TOO SOON.

McCoy, who halted on third base to congratulate himself, failed to make a home run.

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HOBBY	FAVORITE SONG	NICKNAME
Helen Harbison	Wouldn't that curdle?	Queening	"I Love You, Love You."	Dip
Mabel Christopher	My conscience!	Giggling	"My Honey Man."	Chris
Stanley Blake	Hello, k-i-d!	Ragging	"Everybody's Doin' It."	Crumbs
Russell Wight	Yeah? Do tell!	Sticking around	"All That I Ask Is Love."	Bear Hunter
Ed Uhl	Don't you like it?	Driving gasoline buggies	"Casey Jones."	Weed
Fred McCollough	Punk on it!	Strolling	"The Elmira March."	Mac
Fay Watson	Cut it!	Kidding	"Jimmie, Oh! Jimmie."	Watson
Elise Buckingham	That's uncalled for.	Rough-housing	"The Song of the 'Spear.'"	Buck
George Allen	Ding bust it!	Looking sporty	"Just a Wearying for You."	Classy
Gladys Chambers	Now, Oscar.	Primping	"I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."	Gladie
Oscar Garlichs	Fay! Going to Vallejo?	Pinching girls	"Two Little Love Bees."	Doc
Pete McLaughlin	Do you get me?	Buying peanuts	"Oceana Roll."	Peter
James McCrory	Let <u>me</u> show you.	Being fresh	"I Wish I Had a Girl Like Other Fellows."	Microbe



■■■■■

T is for Tim—his real name is Farrell,  
Which fact I relate 'cause it rhymeth with barrel.

**U**'s for a Freshman, yeleft Edwin Uhl,  
I fear he wastes far too much time out of school.

**V** is for Victor—he who rides a motor-bike,  
If you pass him on the road you'll surely have to hike.

**W** is for Watson—throughout all the ages,  
She'll be famed as compiler of these brilliant pages.

**X Y** and **Z** are—but 'nuff said,  
If I write any more it may not be read.

U U U

It is only the Parrot that is valued for how it talks, rather than for what it says.

U U U

It is natural that the man who gives himself away should feel cheap.

U U U

Freshman—"You would be a good dancer if it wasn't for two things."

Senior—"What are they?"

Freshman—"Your feet."—Ex.

U U U

Margaret S. (in chemistry)—Oh, come watch this turn blue pink.

U U U

### Nursery Rhymes in V. H. S.

|||||

Turner had a little a cane,  
T'was broken in the middle  
And why Sir Turner used that cane,  
Was to all of us a riddle.

U U U

Mistress Dip, so quick and flip,  
How did your Jacob grow?  
His legs so long, amidst't the throng,  
We always spot, you know.

U U U

Allen and Blakey were two mashy men,  
They talked at the gate till the clock struck ten.  
Up went a window, and out popped a head,  
"Here, come in Hazel, and get into bed."



# SEE THE POINT!

## FREE

To each purchaser of a 25-cent can of Talcum Powder we will give a Tourist's can free. This small package is of a convenient size to carry when traveling, where the amount of baggage is limited.

Other conveniences may catch the eye when calling at our store.

---

## Vacaville Drug Company

J. M. MILLER, Manager.

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If the sun were too hot, would Avory Fry?

---

## R. SCHAEFER

THE HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX  
CLOTHING IN VACAVILLE.

---

### Taste Tells

WHAT

**Coffman**

KEEPS

IN CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

MISS C. R. BRAZELTON

**Millinery**

WHEN OTHERS FAIL, GIVE US A TRIAL.

ALL WORK ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.

## Vacaville Garage Company

Agents for the Famous Mitchell Motor Cars and Indian Motorcycles.

Count the Indian Motorcycles on the road in the next few months and see how many high school boys are riding them.

---

FOR MEN—

Collegian Clothes  
Walk-Over Shoes

*Crystal's*

FOR WOMEN—

Dry Goods  
Ready-to-wear Goods

---

If Stephen should Roloff the porch, would the fright turn Dorothy White?

---

## AKERLY & ELLISON

### General Merchandise

TELEPHONE, MAIN 404 : : VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA

---

MISS JESSIE G. HAY

### Millinery

VACAVILLE : CALIFORNIA

### Vienna Bakery

BREAD &  
PASTRY

KLIER : : : PROPRIETOR

# CENTRAL THEATER

NESTORA LYON

Latest and Best Motion Pictures

**Meyers & Garlich's**

PHONE MAIN 333

REAL ESTATE and  
LAND EXCHANGE

TRIANGLE BLDG., VACAVILLE, CAL.

CONFECTIONERY

PHONOGRAPHS

MAGAZINES

—AT—

**EDSTROM'S**

If E. M. were any fatter, could Beulah Wheeler?

# SCHROEDER & FRAHM

**Hardware Merchants**

VACAVILLE : : : : CALIFORNIA

**TRIEBEL**

MAKES

**Auto Tops**

—AT—

TRIEBEL'S HARNESS STORE

**HANAN SHOES**

F. BISSELL

MAIN STREET : VACAVILLE

# ARNOLD & BUGBEE

General Merchandise  
and Dry Goods

MAIN STREET :: :: :: VACAVILLE

**The Quality Cafe**

R. A. BROOK, Prop.

MAIN STREET : VACAVILLE

**VACAVILLE LIVERY  
AND FEED STABLES**



PHONE, 703 :: :: VACAVILLE

If Fred should drum, would Edna March?

**Make Your \$\$ Last Longer**

BY TRADING AT

**The New Store**

Location, store formerly occupied by the  
Vacaville Mercantile Co.

**W. L. STRONG**

**BLACKSMITHING**

MERCHANT ST. VACAVILLE

## Reporter Publishing Co.

**PRINTERS &  
PUBLISHERS**

VACAVILLE : : CALIFORNIA

Let us figure on your next order of Loose Leaf Ledger Leaves



**R. B. McMILLAN****Attorney-at-Law**

MAIN STREET : VACAVILLE

**T. E. REYNOLDS****Attorney-at-Law**

MAIN STREET : VACAVILLE

**FRANK H. BUCK CO.****THE****Bank of Vacaville**

VACAVILLE, CAL.

R. D. ROBBINS, President

G. W. CRYSTAL, Vice President

EDW. FISHER, Cashier

W. W. CHANDLER, Ass't Cashier

How many Akers does it take to feed a Campbell?

**VACAVILLE FRUIT CO.****GREEN & DRIED  
FRUITS**

VACAVILLE : : : : CALIFORNIA



AUTO SUPPLIES  
AND REPAIRING  
**NAY'S GARAGE**

—FOR—

**Expert Service**

**LIGHT BY  
ELECTRICITY**

=====

Vacaville Water & Light Co.

SERVICE

SAFETY

COURTESY

**The First National Bank**

Safe Deposit Boxes \$2 a Year Up

=====

**Vacaville Savings Bank**

4 Per Cent, Compounded Semi-Annually

If Mintie went to the depot, would Lester (s)Parker?

ICE

ICE

ICE

You can get  
the coldest

**I C E**

FROM

**A. M. STEVENSON**

**THE HOUSE OF STAPLES**

Tobacco of all Brands  
Pipes a Specialty : : : :  
Pool and Billiard Rooms

**P. G. MARINO**

**Vacaville Fruit Growers' Association**  
INCORPORATED

Growers and Shippers of

**FANCY CALIFORNIA GREEN FRUITS**

VACAVILLE :: :: :: :: CALIFORNIA



SEE PLATT

**EVERYBODY  
KNOWS THAT THE  
MODEL BARBER SHOP**

Is first class in every way.  
Come and give us a trial  
and be convinced. We sell  
the celebrated Fitch Dand-  
ruff Remover.

**W. F. DEAKIN, PROPRIETOR**

**GRAND THEATRE  
PHOTOPLAYS**

If M. C. got lost, would Bear Hunter?

**THE BEST FOR THE MONEY**

Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, Pipes  
and all Smokers' Articles

Billiard and Pool Department Equipped  
in an Up-to-Date Manner

**COOPER'S CIGAR STORE**

**City Meat Market**

ATTKISSON & PARDI, Props.

Highest  
Market  
Price



Paid For  
Choice  
Live Stock

Choice Beef, Mutton, Veal and Pork

**J. & I. BLUM, Inc.**

**DRIED FRUITS**

---

# F. B. CHANDLER CO.

LUMBER YARD  
PLANING MILL

VACAVILLE

ESPARTO

WINTERS

---

**Your Old Clothes  
Made New**

=====

**Vacaville Steam Laundry  
AND  
Dry Cleaning Works**

**Ship Your Fruit**

—BY—

**Auto Delivery Co.**

*Leaves Vacaville at 3:00 p. m.*

*Arrives San Francisco 1:00 a. m.*

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS IN-  
QUIRE OF SCHROEDER & FRAHM,  
TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS : :

---

If a mule brays, does Gladys Nay?

---

**Pinkham & McKevitt**

---

**S. W. BENTLEY**

**Cigars, Tobacco and Soft Drinks**

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**